AN EPISTLE

In Answer to

Susan Sauce-pan's

FAMOUS

LETTER

TO

Phil. Hor---eck.

Now *COOK-MAID* to

Cardinal *Alberoni.*

WITH

A *Secret History* of that *Houshold* of *Faith*, &c.

By *JENNY TUCK-BED*, Chamber-Maid to *PHIL. HOR---K.*

LONDON,
Printed and Sold by *W. Boreham*, at the *Angel* in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1719.
(Price Six-pence.)

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FROM

PETER

TO

Cardinal Alberoni.

WITH

Some Account of that

Man's Life and Actions.

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A

Famous Epiſtle

In Anſwer to

Suſan Sauce-pan's Letter, &c.

Reverend Suſanna,

FOR ſo I am oblig'd to call you, in regard to your high Station, and the Circle you move in at preſent; and I ſhould be wanting to my Duty, if I did not addreſs every living Creature in the *Cardinal*'s Family, down to the

Turn-Spit, in that manner: There is, methinks, a ſort of Awfulneſs ſpreads over my Spirits, when I preſent your *Image* to my Mind, in your Smock-Sleeves, tuck'd up, beſmear'd with Dripping, and baſting a young *Turkey*, which has given his *Eminence* ſome Diverſion in his vacant Minutes.

The Haughtineſs you treat your Fellow-Labourers with, is no ways ſurpriſing to me: *Pride* inſenſibly ſteals in upon every Inſect in a *Prelate*'s Family; and it's uſual for a *Groom* of the Stables in *Purple*, to roll with a *Lieutenant* in *Scarlet*.

As little-ſtartled am I at your affected Devotion: A *broken Beauty*, and a *neglected Harlot*, make ſpecial *Prudes*, and all the She's of your former Acquaintance, I preſume muſt be damn'd *carnal Whores*, forſooth, to keep up the Reputation of your *ſpiritual Wickedneſs*.

But to the Point. —— Laſt Week I took in a *Letter*, dated from the *Pardo*: The Superſcription ſpoke the Sex, and was of a very familiar Strain. My Maſter was then buſy in his Parlour, with a Couple of *She Patients*, (and, I think, o' my Conſcience, they will never leave applying to him, ſo long as he gives his Advice gratis) I rapt twice gently

ly at the Door, the private Signal of my Attendance, betwixt my Maſter and ſelf; I was order'd in, and told him, there was a Letter for him, but directed in ſuch Characters, that I could almoſt ſwear it was written with a Skuer. My Maſter perceiv'd I ſpoke the laſt Words with ſome Diſdain, and a dubious Aſpect; ſo, to keep up the Spirit of the good Company, and prevent the leaſt Miſapprehenſion in me, bid me read the Contents.

I open'd it with an eager Hand, and carefully directing my Eye to the bottom of the Letter, for a diſcovery of the Hand, I ſoon redeem'd my Spirits, and thought it came from one of my Maſter's old *Gruel-makers*, for at that Time, you was entirely out of my Thoughts; beſides, going by three ſeveral Names, during your Pilgrimage from Bench to Bench, in St. *James*'s Park, I could not eaſily recollect you.

I went on, and found my Maſter prettily amus'd with the Introduction, his Humour enliven'd by your pompous Deſcription of his Entry; but when you began to preach Morals from the *Cardinal*'s Family, he could not hold his Sides any longer, but aſſoon as he recover'd his Fit of Laughter, he cry'd out, *Tell me, O Sincerity, what art thou! Alas,*

poor

poor Sue! After a ſlight Pauſe; *Call the Scullion* (ſays he) *to anſwer this Letter;* — *Tieze her ſoundly, and put her into an ill Humour, and I'll anſwer for the Succeſs of it.* But, upon ſecond Thoughts, my Maſter aſſign'd me the Task.

I thought my ſelf a ſufficient Match for a *Cook-Maid*, and was juſt upon the point of retiring to my Deſk, when my Maſter frankly told me; Jenny, *Don't think I am going to flatter your Wit, or Capacity, when I acquaint you, that your Proprieties are juſter, and your Thoughts much better turn'd; nor let me fright you, when I tell you, that you are to engage againſt Five.* This had almoſt daſh'd my Reſolution, and I began to form Excuſes: He cut me ſhort, and unravel'd the Myſtery. *Look you*, Jenny (ſays he) *the Five I ſpeak of, are, his Eminency's Secretary, his Maſter of the Revels, his two Chaplains, and his flaxen-hair'd Boy that waits in his Chamber; for poor abandon'd* Sue *is only the Canal thro' which they convey their Wit and good Nature.* Three of them, upon ſumming up my Parts, I agreed to engage, but the Two Orthodox, Sr. I fear, will cut me down.

My

My Maſter ſoon quieted all my Fears, by telling me; Jenny, *thou writeſt a Hand bad enough for the beſt Scholar; thou ſpell'ſt better than moſt of thy Sex; thou canſt not Scold, or give ill Language, and in that ſingle Article, thou wilt have a vaſt Advantage over the* orthodox Parſons: *Thou haſt learn'd an eaſineſs of Style from* Sachev–l's *Sermons; the whole Art of Reaſoning, from* Sher–ck's *Debates; and a clever evaſive Turn in your Talking, from the two Famous equivocal Tracts of* Su--pe: *And thus equip'd, I could almoſt venture to ſlip thee upon a Catholick* Convocation.

Upon this Encouragement, I ſate down, and being turn'd looſe to my own Imagination, I ſhall diſmiſs the Gravity of the firſt Title I gave you, and Talk with you upon the Square.

I heartily Congratulate my dear *Suky*, upon her admiſſion into that Primitive Family, and hope, after having paſs'd thro' ſo many improving Scenes of Life, ſhe cannot be ignorant of the many Advantages accruing to her from that greazy Station.

How different will thy Fare be from what it was in *Swallow-Street*; when all thy large Side-Board of *Welch Plate* us'd to be foul'd with a Penny-worth of *Gray Peaſe* and *Bacon*, and the Diſh-

Water

Water that clean'd them, reſerv'd as a choice Meſs of Broth for the next Morning; when even *Gin* and *Gentian* could not be purchas'd without dipping one of your *Douds*, and a Brown Toaſt ſoak'd in Water was a meer Carnival? But now you will ſee the different State of a poor hungry W——re, and a flouriſhing Church. You will ſee how glorious the Prieſts are cramming and greazing their Carcaſſes here, that they may ſlip thro' the Narrow Gate with more eaſe.

You muſt be very Nice in making the *Cardinal*'s ſtrong Broth, from your Skilful Hands his Eminence expects a Recruit of Spirits: For each Reſtorative Jelly, thou may'ſt expect a Year's Indulgence, and for a Provocative Soup, perhaps a Midnight Benediction, if the loſs of the *Catholick Fleet* don't check his Concupiſcence.

In all your Vacancies, inſtead of your Beads and *Roſary*, ſtudy the Refinement of Taſte; the Fibres of an Orthodox Tongue, are more exquiſitely form'd, than thoſe of the *Laity:* As indeed every brawny Muſcle is more Spiritualiz'd: The high *Guſto* is a Myſtery almoſt Sacred to the Prieſts, and a Service by it ſelf: For your Regaling the Fleſh of Holy Church, ſhe will provide for your

your Spirit. There is a vaſt difference between the Palate of your old Maſter, and the Luxury of a *Cardinal*: He, poor abſtemious Creature, you know, lov'd his Meat down boil'd and roaſted, but to gratify the Eye and Palate of a Prieſt, the Blood muſt always follow the Knife, and pray keep up that Tincture in all your Sawcers, for it's a very elegant Colour amongſt them and the Butchers.

The Way is already pav'd to your Advancement; the Palate is always Pimp to the Fleſh, and by that Frailty, Mother, Church muſt be ſupported: *Cooks* have riſen to the greateſt Favour by pleaſing the Taſte of a poor temporal Prince: *A Roman* Emperor in a Freak offer'd the Conſulſhip to his Cook for dreſſing a *Mullet* to Perfection, and who knows but a well-ſeaſon'd Soup may raiſe you to the Dignity of an Embaſſadreſs, and ſo on, to the *Porphiry* Chair, that I may ſalute your Holineſs in my Life-time, by the Name of *Pope Suſanna* the firſt.

I cannot ſufficiently admire the happy Influence of my Maſter, in the good Fortune of his Servants: He has three abandon'd Miſtreſſes at this time, beſides your ſelf, in reputable keeping: One with a *French Marquis*, the other with a *Fidalgo*, a Third with one of your *Titular Archbiſhops* in this Iſland, and he often

often rallies me when I think my self bury'd, and ſpending my Bloom in a Retirement. *Jenny*, ſays he, *Don't be Chagrin: Thou ſeeſt the Fortune of thy Predeceſſors; when thou art weary of my Service, with a few Aſtringents, I'll make thee a cleverer Privy Purſe for the* Pope, *than the celebrated Mrs.* T——.

Theſe, dear *Sue*, are Encouragements, eſpecially to a gay Imagination that glows with a Proſpect of Power, and hopes by the Key of the Holy Father's *C——d-piece*, to ſave and kill at pleaſure. I have read the Story of *Donna Olympia*, and think her Sovereignty greater than that Whore's, which commanded the *Grecian* Hero to burn *Perſepolis*. When a Miſtreſs has an Orthodox Prieſt by the Girdle, ſhe knows all the Secrets of the Pariſh, and fences againſt her private Scandal, by a Regiſtry of all the Infirmities of the Fair Sex under his Charge.

You have mighty Advantages in your Houſhold over us, in your Modes of Sinning: In *Lay-Hands* you could only pleaſe your ſelf with the *Sketches*, and Out-lines of Vice, but there you have vaſt Opportunities of ſeeing Lewdneſs work'd up by an infallible Hand to the laſt Perfection, and ſtrongeſt Carnation; and inſtead of Venial Treſpaſſes of Love, revel on *High Cathedral Luſt*.

There

There are more Eccleſiaſtical Priviledges, dear *Suky*, that you are entitul'd to, in that Station of *Cookery:* There is an indelible Character always upon your Gown, from the caſual Spurts of the Dripping: Then you have likewiſe to plead an unbroken Succeſſion of *Cooks*, from the firſt Potting of *Veniſon* down to this Day: Beſides, a Divine Right to the *Ladle*, as being committed to your Charge by his Eminence, which make your Claims more Authentick than ſome modern Pretenders; and if the *Cardinal* ſhould once throw his Mantle over you in a Frolick, where may your Promotion end?

But now I muſt chide you a little, for your idle Complaints of my Maſter's deſerting you; and for a certain vehemence of Stile, which ought not to find Countenance in ſo polite a Court as the *Cardinal's*. Had you come to my Maſter's Arms with the *Virgin-Blue* upon you, I ſhould have taken part in your Sufferings, but, alas! you gave him the Strangury ſix Days after your firſt Familiarity; and tho' theſe Reproaches of yours, may paſs for oraculous Truths, in a *Catholick Country*, made up of *Legends*, and *Spiritual Romances*, yet we on this ſide of the Water, weigh every thing by proper Standards, and will not ſuffer our Ears to

be impos'd on, in order to the weakening of our *Reaſon* and *Conſcience*.

My Maſter has often told your Story to me, with an Air of Pity, and, beſides the clammy Sweats, which were the firſt cauſe of his Averſion, he beheld a Scene that made both your Intereſts irreconcileable: He ſaw you, and bleſs'd his Eyes, one Evening, thro' a Chink in the Wainſcoat, at the *Croſs-Keys Tavern*, ſeated between two of your Orthodox Divines, in more than Imperial State, with both your Hands fervently employ'd, and a Scepter in each, they waiting your Deciſion on the Prize of Love. I draw a Veil over the reſt, as too offenſive to *Lay* Eyes: And how, after this, you can arraign his Treachery, is incomprehenſible to every thing but a Prieſt, and a ——. He thanks you heartily for his *Welſh* Rabbits, and Pidgeons, but for your *Tit-bits*, as you call them, he thinks he gave you a Tit-bit, which, from any thing but an inſatiable Conſcience, includes the whole Bill of Fare.

But pray what would all this rich Inventory have amounted to, if you had gotten a ſworn Appraiſer? *Pale-Ale*, *Tobacco*, *a tatter'd Gown*, and a *red Petticoat*, for which you had *Good-fellowſhip*, *Burnt Brandy*, a *Proteſtant Catch* every Night,

Night, and his *Scarlet-Silk Stockings* to Ply in, upon all Feſtivals.

Your Reflection upon my Maſter's Red-Hair'd Girl, is invidious, and no ways affects me, for I am as Black as a Crow; but you ſhould conſider Complexions are involuntary, and he thinks that Colour for Change as good as any: I had a Curioſity the other Day, of looking over his *Love-Liſt*, and I find her prick'd *Run, March* the 5th, 1715.

My Maſter is too volatile to be confin'd to one poor Inſipid: After the firſt Rant is over, and the kind She has prattled over her Adventures; as her being debauch'd by a Colonel; her Exerciſes in *Tuthill-Fields*; her narrow Eſcapes from the Watch; her ſurprizing Minutes of Good Fortune, in being reſcu'd out of the Hands of a tyrannical Conſtable, by the kind Mediation of a Juſtice; and her Cant of being us'd with a great deal of good Manners by a Lord, and ſhe begins to complain of his being too great a Student, he then crys up the Beauty of an active Life, and ſends her into the World again, to make freſh Conqueſts; and from this wholſome Advice, he has often met with an unexpected Bow out of a Chariot, from one of his old Acquaintance diſfigur'd with good Cloaths.

But now, dear *Sue*, you and I ſhould have a private Laugh, apart from the *Cardinal*,

Cardinal, about your wild Tranſition from being Jilted, to a Detail of my Maſter's Religion: What has your ſuppos'd ill Uſage to do with things ſo much above your reach or inclination? Thoſe Epithets of Helliſh, and Damnable, don't mouth well from a Woman: But I allow for the *Church Tang*, and I charitably believe one of your Chaplains help'd you to thoſe Figures of Speech, for the ſake of a *Potted Pidgeon*.

When you talk of Religion, you are *pathetically Dull*, and ſpeak as much to the purpoſe, as ſome of our Orthodox do in their Occaſional Sermons, in the Month of *January*. When you break thro' your Sufferings, and talk Gay, my Maſter applauds your Style, and is pleas'd with that borrow'd Deſcription, of his Entry upon the Top of a Waggon. 'Faith, there was ſome Humour in it, and he appear'd Majeſtick in his motly Habiliments; but you miſtook the Contents of the Waggon: For inſtead of an *Invalid*, a *Corn-cutter*, a *Canter*, and *Jugglers*, there were two *Saucer-Ey'd* Prieſts, who had got miſerably Drunk with Toaſting the *Orphan*, and had left *Verbum Sacerdotis* in Pawn for a Rundlet of *Brandy*: A *Nonjuring* Parſon who had almoſt choak'd himſelf with *Scotch Snuff*, and at every Pinch bellow'd out *Reſto-*

ration:

ration: An old *Cavalier* who had ſlept in the open Air for two Moons, and took Sanctuary there for the benefit of clean Straw: A regimental Whore, who ſold ſeveral Bargains to the two Reverends, and doll'd as lazily upon the brawny Cheeks of one of them, as if it had been a Pulpit-Cuſhion: Beſides, a *Pedler*, *Sailor*, and a Wet-Nurſe. And ſuch Company, you know, was too groſs for one of my Maſter's Taſte.

It's pity, dear *Sue*, you could not have kept up your good Humour a little longer. After you had from the fertility of your Invention, pick'd up ſuch a Company of Strowlers, according to the Laws of Dramatick Juſtice, you ſhould have furniſh'd them a Theatre in ſome old Barn or Stable in the Inn; aſſign'd their Parts, and made my Maſter the Hero of the *Stage*, as he was of the *Waggon*: But 'tis the Fate of your *Clan*, for one accidental Fit of good Humour, we meet with a Dozen unedifying Reproofs.

But, by the By, it would have been downright Prophaneſs in any but one of your *Orthodox Chaplains*, to have call'd a Waggon of Strowlers, *An Epitomy of Noah's Ark*: But you having the ſole command of theſe Records, they are oblig'd to ſpeak as you would have them,

and

and furniſh out Compariſons for *ſpiritual Pride*, and *womaniſh Reſentments*.

Faith, *Suky*, I am of Opinion my Maſter would have anſwer'd your Epiſtle with his own Hand, if he had not ſeen that Speck of Prophaneſs in it: And then for you to make ſuch a Burleſque of Virtue, as to tell the World, *You had always an averſion to his vicious Practices, and trembled to hear Religion treated ſo contemptuouſly*; in the Name of *Venus*, how is a Whore to live, but by the vicious Practices of her Paramour? Or, did that Species ever tremble at any thing but a Conſtable, a Tally-man, or an importunate Landlady? Thou hadſt, at that Time, more weighty Buſineſs on thy Hand, than to waſte an uſeful Minute in Admonition. Thy Stomach, to his certain knowledge, was more aggriev'd than thy Conſcience: But my Maſter, by vertue of his Second-Sight, which he now but occaſionally makes uſe of, ſees the Prieſt at your Elbow, forcing you to ſubſcribe to all this incoherent Stuff, firſt abſolving your Fibs by the Score, and then ſtriking a Tally for you in Heaven, for the meritorious Service.

My Maſter owns, to his Grief, that he never made a topping Figure in Religion; that he thinks he goes on, with his Neighbours, in a reputable Mediety, with a Friend

Friend Nam'd *Charity*, within call; that as he never put himſelf upon the Level with the moſt Regular Proteſtant, ſo he never ſunk into the nauſeous Vices of the Orthodox: You make him ſmile in that part of your Epiſtle, where his Eminency's Chaplain ſpeaks contemptibly of the *Alcoran*: He was much ſurpriz'd to find a pamper'd Prieſt quarrel with his *Rule of Faith*; and the only Support of his rampant Incontinence.

'Pr'ythee, *Sue*, never talk of a *Bible* from thoſe Parts; it's too wholſome Food to permit *Laity* to feed on, and our *Orthodox* here are pretty much of the ſame Judgment, being diſpos'd to allow it but ſparingly, and who would, no doubt, prove Fathers in Law to the *Text*; firſt give the *ſpiritual Food* by Scraps to the *Laity*, and then, perhaps, with a Curſe, grudge them the Nouriſhment thereof.

What have your Prieſts, or any *Orthodox* of their Stamp, to do with a Book ſo oppoſite to their Practices? You have long ſince ſet up a *Corporation* of yourſelves, and made ſeveral *By-Laws*, deſtructive to the very *Being of Chriſtianity*, and why will you be ſuch *Felo de ſe's*, to ſpeak venerably of a Book whoſe every Line is level'd at your *Corruptions*? Don't you think

it would be a merry Incident, if a *Felon convict*, that makes it his Buſineſs to borrow a little *Money*, or ſo, out of a *Fob*, *occaſionally*, ſhould rail at every one that charg'd him with it, for not paying a due reſpect to the *Statutes* in that Caſe provided? Would not the *Criminal* laugh to ſee any one mind him? Or, would not his Audience rather deſerve begging, for lending an Ear to his *Cant*?

Your *Orthodox*, dear *Sue*, are meer fumbling Impoſtors, in thoſe Things which ſhould be kept as a Secret. That Stratagem of diverting the Eye of the Spectator another Way, when they are to ſhow a Trick, or impoſe upon the Senſes, has been play'd out of breath: The World has always found *Pam* in their Sleeves, and therefore love to *ſhuffle* the *Cards* for themſelves, and ſee them *deal* above-board. They are a *Caſt* of People that are excellent at *tranſpoſing of Characters*, and leave a *Name of Integrity* very often in Pawn for their *Vices*. When there is an *Hue-and-Cry* after a *drunken Prieſt*, they ſtifle the *Scent*, and ſometimes work up the beſt Neighbour into a *Blaſphemer*, *Heretick*, or *Diſſenter*, that perſecutes the *Church* in the Perſon of one of its *venerable Guides*; tho' I muſt do this Juſtice

to

to *Orthodoxy*, that I never heard them reproach an Enemy with the Name of *Turk*, *Jew*, or *Heathen*, having long ſince come to a *Compoſition* with them, and bearing a great reſpect to ſome Branches of their ſeveral Creeds, as that of *Obſtinacy* and *Rebellion* in the *Jewiſh*; *unlimited Luſt*, in the *Turkiſh*; and *Plurality* of *Gods*, *Altars*, *Prieſts*, *Tapers*, *Livings*, and *Faggots*, in the *Pagan*.

But for clean *Satyr*, and the fine Art of *Calumny*, commend me to your *Orthodox Houſhold*; give them their due, they do not go to Work like the Vulgar. Among the *Laity*, the *Charge* is correſpondent to the *Crime*; but in *ſpiritual Revenges*, the *Intention* of the Prieſt makes the *Crime* more or leſs, or different. For when a Prieſt is affronted, he inſtantly puts himſelf on the ſtrongeſt Side, calls Heaven to his Aid, tho' never the ſooner heard for his *Invocation*, and draws forth his *Weapons* out of his *ſpiritual Armory*, as if he was intereſs'd in the beſt of Cauſes.

If the Affront be but ſmall, then you are a *Latitudinarian*; if you happen to diſpute a *Modus* of *Tythes* with him, then you are of a *ſacrilegious Spirit*: If you queſtion the *extent of his Powers*, you are a *Deiſt*: But if you miſs

paying *Easter* Dues, 'tis ten to one, but you are a *Devil in humane Shape*. In your Country the partial Breath of the Prieſt conſumes you in a Moment; and our *Orthodox* think *thoſe Powers* very unequally diſtributed.

Sometimes the Perſon your *Chaplains* are pleas'd to hate is an *Atheiſt*, then you recollect yourſelves, and with your uſual *Charity*, and *Perſpicuity*, make him a Degree beyond an *Atheiſt*, till you have loſt your *Gooſe-Caps* in lame *Definitions*, or *Deſcriptions*, and then turn the Wheel round, till in its circular Motion, you bring him up a *Prize of Vertue*, eſpecially if he has ſcalp'd a *Diſſenter* as a Proof of his *Reformation*.

You talk of ſeveral Things that have ſlipt my Maſter's Memory; As that of an old *Gown* left off. If any ſuch thing was left in the *Wardrobe*, he ſuppoſes you took it for a Perquiſite, vamp'd it up, and made a good Upper-Petticoat of it. But if it had ever been devoted to pious Uſes, he hopes you never proſtituted it, no not even to the *Cardinal*, for I aſſure you, it is a Petticoat you are not worthy to wear. When my Maſter wore it, it's well known, he was an *Ornament* to it, and kept numbers of *Orthodox* in ſome *decorum*,

rum, by his Advice, and the Regularity of his Conduct; and, to his great Grief, he obſerves daily, what an Indifference and Coolneſs there is in moſt of them to *Chocolate-colour'd Gloves*, and *black Pluſh Breeches*, &c. He ſees with Sorrow, the old-faſhion'd *Peruke* with a *Friz*, and the primitive *Border*, fled with *Aſtræa*, and a *jaunty Night-Cap Whig*, ſubſtituted in the room of it. In his Time, the *Orthodox* were not ſo *nice* in chuſing the ſeveral *Shades* of *Black*, and adjuſting the *Saſh*. The Time may come, that there may be a Set of *Brocade-Prieſts*, with *Fring'd Gloves*, and *Cockades*; and then we may ſafely Swear *Mother-Church out of Danger*, by the rich Trimming of her *Sons*.

Hitherto your dear *Catholick* Wit, and heavy Cant, have had their Run, and been very ſupportable; but my Maſter thinks the mention of ſuch a *Father*'s Name, by you and your little Inſtruments, is next to a *Prophanation*: It's provoking to ſee thoſe venerable Remains, after they have lain ſo long undiſturb'd, handled at laſt by a *ſalt Cook*, and two *conſecrated Ruffians*. It's the higheſt *Inſolence* for *Vice*, to aſſume the Protection of a *religious Character*, and a ſort of *Treaſon* againſt *Morality*, to ſee the amiable *Stamp* of *Vertue* counterfeited

terfeited by *vile Hands*, and the *Devil in the Habit of Orthodoxy*, invading the Place.

Believe me, *Suky*, I have heard my Maſter talk with that Sublimity and Fire of his Father's inimitable Life, as I never yet found in the *Rump* of a *Funeral Sermon*, tho' *Five Guineas* were given to *Lard it.*

I have heard him, with Pleaſure, deſcribe that good Man's holy Rage againſt *Plurality of Cures*, and letting out Peoples Souls to *farm*, againſt the vicious Lives, and malignant Examples of the *Orthodox*; their abject Flattery for a *libidinous Meal*, or a *Dignity*; and meddling with Affairs as remote from their *Charge*, as *Politicks.*

He would often ſmile at the Abſurdity of an *Engliſh Catholick Church*, and Pretences to an *unſpotted Church.* And I'll tell you one Thing your *Orthodox Chaplains* are ignorant of, which is, that he mortally hated a *Church* with a *tall Maſt*, and *large Topſail* to it, for fear of ſhaking the *Rigging*, and endangering all the *Effects*: Beſides, he knew what pretty *Furlers* the *Orthodox* are in a *Storm.*

He could ſee *Faults*, tho' he was of the *true Proteſtant reform'd Church*, and zealouſly wiſh'd for a greater *Perfection*

and

and a *Comprehenſion*. He has heard him call the Proteſtant Churches of *Sileſia* Siſter-Churches; applaud the Diſcipline of *Geneva*, and even thought the *Scotch Cameronian Diſſenters*, not very diſtant Relations from the Church of *England*. Declaring often, that he thought the Vicious Lives of the Prieſts, the worſt of *Hereſies*, as being the Foundation of all other *Hereſies*: And after this he cannot ſtand long juſtify'd in your *Kalender*.

But now, dear *Suky*, you have made a Sally from the Pulpit, into the Park: You have ſo many quaint Figures, and Tropes that I muſt leave you, if you go on ſo Miſterioufly, and quit your Reaſon, as my Maſter's *Diſparking the* Church, *Grubbing* up the Pale, and Razing her very Foundations: Faith, *Suky*, I can't but think you have got a Plurality of Livings under his Eminence: Your *Cook-ſhip*, he preſumes, is the main *Cure*, and you hold the *Game-keepers* place in *Commendam*, which may be as good as a *Prebend* of *Sevil*.

Let us ſift this heavy Charge a little more narrowly; ſure your ſpiritual Undertakers were ſomewhat drowzy, when this beautiful Period was allow'd of. Bleſs me! What, compare a Park to the Church? Don't you conſider what are the principal Inhabi-

tants

habitants of a Park! Or what Offence it may give to the Orthodox Congregations, to ſuppoſe their Heads have any reſemblance to thoſe frightful Creatures in a Park. Then think what a Blemiſh this Idea may bring upon the ſpiritual Rangers of theſe Parks.

If it ſhould be, as we may with Fear and Trembling conceive, they have a Proverb for us, and all the Horned Fraternity go to Heaven. But as to the charge, Friend *Suky*, his Eminence, and his Chaplains may be very eaſy, for my Maſter is too Indolent to Grub up Pales, or raze the Foundations of a Park, which is a Propriety, I muſt confeſs, I did not expect from Men of a Trade, who are ſo often employ'd in Ploughing up Glebes.

This fine Image would look equally as Beautiful if we Read it backward: As for Inſtance, my Maſter is diſchurching a Park, taking away the Pews out of the Park, and ploughing the Holy Ground of the Park: Or in ſhort Diſfranciſing an Horſe, is as juſt a thought.

But why, dear *Suky*, ſo much of Church Authority? Thoſe things carry an Emphaſis along with them in your Houſhold; but ours is much better regulated: We have Words that make a bigger, and a much wholeſomer Sound,

as

as Parliaments, Prohibitions, Appeals, *&c.* which have always a tender Regard to the *Laity*; now the Orthodox having a very boysterous Way of compelling People to be of one Mind whether they will or no: Too much of that Church Authority would be dangerous. Indeed, your Chaplains don't care for executing their Second Revenges in Person, tho' Sacrifices were ever dear to the Priests; but then you very lovingly make over their Bodies to the Secular Arm, for a little mild Correction; as setting him up to the Neck in a *Pitch-Barrel*, or so: We had once, in these Parts, a very remarkable Instance of their Love to us; which reliev'd them from the Guilt of Blood: For we were to do it our selves, by that blessed Oath *ex Officio*, which was a summary Way of Murdering the poor *Laity*, by their being oblig'd to answer upon Oath, any ensnaring Question that should be put to them; tho' I think, you have a much clearer way of dispatching People by that sublime Gift of a Discerning Spirit.

All Authority, *Suky*, ought to be plac'd in the most temperate Hands, and much more what you call a Church Authority: But that Lady, has, for the most part, been so unfortunate, as to carry a suspicious Retinue about with her, and a

longer Train of meager Paſſions, which, like hired Evidence, have always Sworn up to the full Intent of their Principals; ſo that we muſt be excus'd, if we do not, upon all Occaſions, make her our *Judge*, or *Reſerve*: Beſides, it's an ambiguous Word, which the Orthodox don't care to explain themſelves, for fear of ſaying too much, which may endanger it; or ſaying too little of it, for fear it ſhould leſſen it.

But now, dear Suky, *ſince the Prieſts are gone, and the remaining part of your Letter ſeems to be genuine* Whore-ſhip, *I'll converſe with you in a very familiar Way: It's a Pleaſure to talk with a Woman when ſhe has the leaſt Interval from* Prieſtcraft, *and now I think you releas'd. You are pleas'd to charge my Maſter with* Whipt-Cream Wit, *&c. I am oblig'd, upon this occaſion, to borrow from a reverend Divine now in* Limbo, *and tell you,* It's a very unchriſtian Part, to mock any one for a Failing, *becauſe God Almighty might have curs'd them with the ſame Talent, and made Wits of your* Orthodox.

As to the Opinion my Maſter has of his High-German Doctor, *he'll acquieſs when your Prieſts can write as good a* High-Church Doctor; *and I can aſſure you,*

you, the Vertigo *is not so much in my Master's Head, as it is in the Salt Tails of the* Orthodox.

What my Master writ in that tender Way, was design'd to make your Parsons *Blush without a Witness; but since they will be contented with nothing but* Stage-Impudence, *he has but one Column to put the* Priest *and the* Whore *in.*

But to humour you a little, let me tell you, that my Master conceal'd half of their scandalous Character under an Allegory; *and if the Priests have found it, they will be the best Trustees of the Mystery.*

In many things, dear Sue, *you are pardonable, because you are unintelligible; but now you explain yourself with an Air of Gallantry. You, in the Name of* Orthodoxy, *highly resent that we should make the* Cardinal *the Canal thro' which we convey our Filth against the Church: I greet you upon that hopeful Discovery; and am glad to hear from your own Mouth, what I knew before, that our* Orthodox Church *is very much affronted at any Injury done to your* Catholick *Church; and a* Popish Cardinal *is an excellent Protector of a* Protestant Church.

Sympathy goes a great way in these Cases; and whenever a Woman howls,

and a Cat purs, I am allarm'd with the Danger of both Churches.

There is a ſort of ſlight Machinary *that keeps them in Countenance: The Tears of Women, the Credulity of Wife-ridden Men, the gloomy Fears of old Bawds and Oppreſſors; and a ſort of a Thing call'd* Decency, *which I place in a ſtate of Neutrality. Whenever this Grimace can be laugh'd from the* Stage, *as every Foppery of Life has receiv'd a Check in its turn, then adieu to your* Theatrical Church, *and a joyous Welcome to* Religion!

But I am, upon ſecond Thoughts, of Opinion, that your religious Theatres *will keep their Ground ſomewhat longer; for I think there is little wanting to make an Hour paſs very agreeably in them, in ſpite of the* Parſon. *No Scenes of Life have finer Decorations; every little Apartment, or Box there, has its Embelliſhments of* Gold, *or* Azure. *The* Box-keepers *very ſmug with narrow* Cambrick Bands, *and the old Women that leads you to the* Twelve-penny Gallery *in* Kenting Pinners, *have a commanding Aſpect. Nothing ſeems to be defective in the Entertainment, but a dull, caſual* Prieſt, *who has been too idle to be at the Rehearſal, ſo reads his Part out of the Book.*

After

After all, dear *Suky*, our *Orthodox* here, are but *Sneakers* in their *Magiſtracy* and *Miſchief*: We appeal to your Maſter, as the *Sovereignty of Vice and Infidelity*; our *Orthodox* have refin'd upon him in one Article. He only has *broke thro' the Faith of human Treaties*, but our Catholick *Engliſh* Saints have attempted a *Colluſion with God Almighty, in their ſolemn Perjuries*. You muſt always have the better of us, becauſe you *ſin decently*, with an high hand; but we *awkardly* ape you with the *Sword* and the *Scales* over our Heads. Your great Maſter has made large *Strides*, and out-ſtepp'd the *Devil*, upon a Wager; our *Orthodox* go jogging on in a *Maudlin Trot*, till the *Devil* is forc'd to call for them. This is the unhappy Effect of their ſecret Love to him; but dodging with him once a Week, makes him uſe them like Slaves that are his of Neceſſity.

Should I give you a *Picture* of the *Cardinal*'s glorious Life, you would ſerve him for nothing, as our *Orthodox* do here. You, alas! ſee no beautiful *Veins* of *Vice* in him at this Day; but had you known him, when I was firſt acquainted with him, you would have ſeen the full *Lineaments* of an *elegant Debauchery*. I remember a *Nobleman* of

our

our *Country*, now with GOD, who in his Embaſſy to *France*, had his firſt pious Inſtructions from him, and imbib'd the Principle of *Free-Thinking*.

He open'd the Day with a *Symphony* of the fineſt Voices, and the ſofteſt Muſick. After a ſmall Interval, and the *Morning-Service* read over a Diſh of *Chocolate*, he took the Young Nobleman to a long Gallery, near the *Tuilleries*, embeliſh'd with the moſt luſcious Pictures and Statues. After this ſhort Regale of the *Eye*, he made it his buſineſs to comfort the other *Senſes*: By way of *Prologue*, a Game of *Picquet*, or *Ombre*, led up the Dance to a nobler Entertainment. On the ſudden, a Banquet of Sweet-Meats, prepar'd artificially, was let down from the top of the *Arch*, in the faſhion of a *Sconce*, with *Wax-Candles*, to give an Amuſement to the Treat.

That *Antepaſt* being diſpatch'd, they repos'd a little, with Muſick repeated. The Dinner was in ſome agreeable Space uſher'd in by Servants, dreſt in the moſt *antique Figures*; ſix *Courtezans*, of the moſt lovely Make, being rang'd in Order before-hand, according to their *Age* and *Complexions*. Gallantry, Wine, Wit, and Muſick, flow'd plentifully. The Dinner ended, the

Peer,

Peer, the *Cardinal*, and Company retir'd with the *Fair*, but under a Reserve, till a Signal call'd the *friendly Society*, and they appear'd stripp'd of their *Fig-Leaves*, and in *Nature's first Dress*. The rest you'll guess from the *Cardinal*'s Share in the Entertainment.

But after you have thus Larded my Master with admonitions: And after, all this serious Droll, I am satisfy'd, you despise it in your private Breast; and notwithstanding you are in a *Cardinal's* Kitchin, long for the Flesh Pots of the *Laity*: However, this by the by, because it's high *Lent* with you: To see a Woman of a *Belle Air*, and no despicable Sense, to put her self under the Government of such Guides, which not only corrupt your Principles, but your very Style, is amazing. I'll be open to you, and tell you the Cause of my first Aversion to them: When I was entring my Fifteenth Year, I began to be pleas'd with my Reflexion in the Glass; I was not solicitous whether it flatter'd me or not, because it complimented me with just such a Complexion as I fancy'd; and had it fell short of my Wishes, *there were Fops* enow always prancing about me, to make good the Defects of the Mirrour: In this Train of young Fellows, which had always something to say,

without

without a Meaning, a ſpruce Orthodox Prieſt accoſted me, with your humble Servant; which was all he had to ſay upon the firſt Viſit; and by the Heſitation in his delivery, I thought he would have read it out of his Book. My Mother being bred up in an Age of *Purity*, before Prieſts turn'd Beaux, or Beaux were as Wiſe as *Prieſts*, was Partial to the Young Parſon, and ſeem'd with ſome Tranſport to ſay to me; Jenny, *I ſhould think my ſelf happy, if you engage that young Divines Heart: He's worth a Million of theſe Antick Fops: He has a great deal of Grace in his Countenance, and looks as if he would riſe in the Church.*

Preferment was a Sound that engag'd my Attention, but I could not agree to put my ſelf to the expence of Airs, or extraordinary Arts to move him; for the Ground of his Complection was exactly of the Colour of a pickled *Walnut*; and the *Damask Powder* he had lightly drudg'd over his Face, anſwer'd the Moldineſs of the Pickle: I think, I have ſeen much ſuch a Face at St. *Andrews*. However, to keep up the Harmony of our ſmall Family, I was negatively Civil to him, and waited the Onſet: One Evening the Dr. came in a little fluſh'd, and then, I own to you, I was in the utmoſt Perplexity,

plexity, being altogether unprepar'd to Cope with two ſuch *Soſias*'s, as an Orthodox's Learning, and his Bottle. I recover'd my ſelf in a Trice, and reſolv'd to ſtand at leaſt his firſt Fire: The firſt remarkable Thing he ſaid, and every thing, you know, is remarkable that a Prieſt ſays, tho' never ſo common, was, *Madam, I am in Love; prodigiouſly in Love with you, miraculouſly in Love with you:* Then I began to think him inſpir'd, and thought it in vain to reſiſt the God. After a ſmall break in the Converſation, I was preparing to be gone; *No, Madam,* ſays he, tearing one of my Flounces for eagerneſs, this is but the Introduction: Good Heavens, crys I! to my ſelf, evert the Judgment of a dull Sermon: He reaſſum'd the Diſcourſe; *I have,* ſays he, *Six Propoſitions to make out to you.*

Firſt, *The Cauſe of my Love.*

Secondly, *The Effect your Love has had upon me.*

Thirdly, *The Reaſons of my Love.*

Fourthly, *The Danger of your Neglecting my Love.* ——

I yawn'd, and expreſs'd a mortal Uneaſineſs: He obſerving that, yoak'd two together.

Fifthly, and Laſtly, *Some Expedients for bringing this Love to an happy Conſummation.*

And of theſe diſtinctly. I found my ſelf at the point of Martyrdom, and could think of no other Stratagem, but demanding Attention, and in a Surprize, telling him, *There was Murder cry'd in the Street:* The Prieſt was not harden'd enough as yet, to hear ſuch a Cry without remorſe, and running haſtily to the Window, I had the Benefit of the Clergy, and eſcap'd: In the interim, I had ſecur'd the Door, and lay down in an affected Fright. Orthodox went away dejected, as I found by the Sequel, but ſtill he renew'd his Suit, by the Intereſt he had in my Mother: But not willing to truſt himſelf to Terms of Speech, he committed his Thoughts to Paper, wherein I muſt do him Juſtice, to ſay, he had made a labour'd Panegyrick upon my Cheeks, and Fore-head: I well remember, one was a *Roſe*, and the other a *Lilly*, and ſome Things were of *Ivory*, which ſhall be nameleſs, which I thought, as warm Fleſh and Blood as any in the Pariſh. But one Sunday, looking over the beſt Book I ever read in my Life, I found, to my great Aſtoniſhment, he had filch'd out all thoſe fine Images, from a Subject of a much ſublimer Kind, and from that Minute I baniſh'd him my Preſence, for his Prophaneneſs. Here you have a ſhort Hiſtory of my firſt Averſion to

that

that *Clan*, the Progreſs, and End of it: And, to prevent Relapſes, threw my ſelf into the Arms of a much cleaner, but not a more ſenſible Creature, called a Beau; till rowling with Diſquietude from Place to Place, I enquir'd out for a ſober Family, and ſo I came recommended to my Maſter's Service.

After ſuch a Diſguſt, you muſt allow for my Warmth, and Zeal againſt the Orthodox. I need not acquaint you, that there is ſuch a diſagreeable Smell, ſuch a *goatiſh* Rankneſs flows from every Pore, as I cannot digeſt. You may call our Great Men, and Proteſtant Clergy, by what Name you pleaſe: We know that your *Catholick Clan*, and our Orthodox Prieſts, are above Reproof, and even below the Merit of a lazy Subſiſtance from a common Whore. I'll only Whiſper one thing to you; that if your *Cardinal*, his *Chaplains*, or our Orthodox, think themſelves aggriev'd, the beſt Expedient I can think of, is to revenge themſelves by leading a better Life; for Bullying will only prepare them for the *Bear-Garden*.

But now, dear *Suky*, in the Cloſe, I'll drop the Purple, and ſatisfy you, that your Aſſociates, or *Amanuenſis*'s, are not worth regarding: That they

are

are lock'd up all Day in a Garret, within a Mile of *Ludgate*, guarded by double Hatches, and the Prisoners detach'd at Night to cry *Gray-Pease*, to Forrage upon *Lutestrings* and *Mantua Silks*, or Sing *Ballads* in a Paper Socket. But my Master rings. Adieu.

FINIS.